

# JEAN ELIOT'S LETTER

## A Chronicle Society

USAN DEAR:

Just when we said "the season is on"—that was just after the President's dinner to the Cabinet on Thursday—why, before the ink could dry, it was all off again and on again. You see, Susan, we have all felt terribly worried about the President being under the weather, and nobody blamed him in the least for changing all the dates for the state dinner parties and receptions—setting them up by a week—but just the same, I do wish you could see the fun and grand scramble in society in general to make their lists over.

My, but it is making things lively. The diplomats are particularly upset, the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall had to change their dinner for the President from January 7 to January 14, and as for the Cabinet members, why they are likely to still be giving dinner parties for the President and Mrs. Wilson on the Fourth of July. You know these dinners seldom start until the state affairs are practically out of the way.

The Minister of Peru and Madame Pezet are going to hang up their stockings at Syracuse, New York, right beside that of their son, Alfonso Washington Pezet, who will be there, and their Christmas gift will be the first presentation of their son's new play, "Marrying For Money." Bertram Marburg, the playwright collaborated with the young diplomat, and Gilbert Miller is going to produce the comedy. Really the play is not an amateur production, for young Pezet has studied dramatic art under Prof. Baker at Harvard, and has been identified in Boston with the Amateurs and the Toy Theater. It was Mr. Pezet's play, "Remaking the Raleighs" that I took you to at the Columbia last season, when it was presented for a prominent charity. After Christmas the Minister and Madame Pezet and the playwright are going on to New York, where "Marrying For Money" will show at one of the theaters early in January.

Mrs. Mary Mason Heath and Miss Adelaide Heath will have as a guest at the Seville during the Christmas holidays one of the most accomplished girls we have had here in a long time. She is Elizabeth Heath, and, for a school girl, has had a perfectly wonderful career and one that even old folks might be proud of. She wrote poetry and plays before she was twelve years old and has had the most creditable career both at the Mary Baldwin School and at Vassar. She positively can do almost everything, from swimming, diving, riding, playing all sorts of athletic games, to the most exquisite lace making and embroidery—speaks foreign languages, plays, and composes music, and dozens of other things, and still just a jolly good girl with whom we all intend to have the finest time over.

The several charming folks we have missed of late from their usual haunts at the Shoreham and Willard, have, I have heard, gone to Rehoboth Beach, Del., to recuperate. They are going to stay there until after Christmas. Horrors? Well, that is just what I said, but really it is awfully nice there. Robert Hinckley, the artist, husband of Mrs. Robert, and father of the beautiful Gladys, has gone there, and, as he likes the sketching thereabouts and finds it a perfectly dear place to work, has opened a hotel all his own. Yes, a real hotel, with lots of room and all that, and looking right into the sad sea waves, too. Mrs. Hinckley and Gladys are at Nice, so ever so many of their old friends are going to "put up" with Bob Hinckley and watch him paint, especially during Lent, but some more are going over to the coast for Christmas.

Hildreth Gatewood has returned to town from West Point, where she has been visiting her new brother-in-law and her sister, Lieutenant and Mrs. Earl North. She has fallen in love with West Point and threatens to "just stay there." Dorothy Gatewood North fell in love with the place first, too, I believe, but you never can tell.

Among the innumerable prenuptial parties for Lucie Hoke Smith will be a the dance which Margaret McChord is giving on the afternoon of the 27th as a sort of house warming for the house they have taken in Connecticut avenue. It will be the first time the McChords have used the ballroom. Margaret is anticipating her first party, with much delight. She says it will be the first of many, as she intends to entertain lots this winter.

Her first installment of house guests arrive within the next few days. First, Emily Bland, the attractive little girl from Louisville, Ky., you met here last winter, comes down tomorrow to remain over the holidays, and then Marie Isaacs, of Richmond, arrives a day or so later. Marie Isaacs is the sister-in-law of John Skelton Williams, of the

Treasury Department. I'll bet you didn't know that.

The other day I wandered over to the District Building to see some one in one of the Commissioners' office, and there sat Margaret Wilson. She had come to see Commissioner Newman and he was out and the office boy did not recognize her, and there she sat. She is so natural and not at all set up about her position, and was perfectly willing to wait.

The Hannis Taylors are so pleased because Dr. and Mrs. Reid Hunt will be with them for the holidays. They arrive tomorrow and Mrs. Hunt will remain for a month after the doctor goes back to Boston. Everyone has missed them so much in Washington these last several months that they have been in Boston.

Mrs. Taylor and Hannah are planning all sorts of entertainment for them during their visit.

The Minister of Panama, Senor Dr. Don Eusebio A. Morales, who just returned from New York, entertained his colleagues from the Central American countries at dinner last night at the University Club, where it is now quite the way for men to take their guests. Senor Don Joaquin Bernarde Calvo, Minister of Costa Rica, who is the ranking diplomat in the corps in the point of service, he will celebrate his fifteenth year of service here on January 5, 1914—of course, headed the list, and the Ministers of Guatemala, Nicaragua, Honduras, and Salvador were also there. Senor Don J. E. Lefevre, first secretary of the Panama legation, who brought his mother and sister to Washington during the week to spend the season, was also a guest.

By the way, I must not forget to tell you that the Mu Chapter of the Lambda Sigma Fraternity are going to have their annual dance at the Raleigh on the night after Christmas.

I certainly was glad to hear that there will be so many sprightly young folk here for Christmas week—coming for their holiday from school, of course. I was terribly afraid it was going to be dull. You see, the President and Mrs. Wilson and their daughters will hie themselves to some quiet spot to spend Christmas week, and the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall will go to Indianapolis. The Secretary of State and Mrs. Bryan will spend Christmas in their home at Miami, Fla., and the Secretary of War and Mrs. Garrison will go to Philadelphia to celebrate the holiday.

Attorney General McReynolds will go to Elkton, Ky., to hang up his stocking by the old-fashioned fireplace where he hung it as a little boy, and he and his mother will have a quiet, comfortable visit, and while there, it is safe to say that Mr. McReynolds will be the ranking guest, though he may have to take a back seat when he returns to Washington—unless the State Department settles the subject of precedence before his return.

Washington society won't miss out any on the new dances if Jessie Herriott can help it. She has gone over to New York to spend Christmas, and she told me while there she is going to have a lesson or two from Maurice or the Castles and get the very latest steps. She has been going over to Annapolis every week, where she has a dancing class of the officers at the Naval Academy.

You said you had met Mrs. W. P. Cronan in New York, didn't you? I think she is delightful, too. Yes, her husband is Lieutenant Commander Cronan and he is away on sea duty and they have only been married a short time; in fact, they came to Washington recently as bride and bridegroom. They have taken the house at 1814 Jefferson place, and during Mr. Cronan's absence, Mrs. Alexander Sharp is chaperoning Mrs. Cronan.

Mrs. Cronan is a granddaughter of former President Grant and also is related to Mrs. Stimson Brown, who entertained for her recently.

And, speaking of luncheons—I must tell you about the great big buffet luncheon Helen McCumber gave for Lucie Hoke Smith. It is about the largest function given so far for the bride-elect. It was at Rauscher's and there were more than a hundred guests, who included this year's debutantes, last year's, and then some other girls who have not made formal bows.

Marie Peary, the Snow Baby, will come out on January 2 at a large reception which Rear Admiral and Mrs. Peary are to give at their home in Belmont road.



MAITLAND MARSHALL

Maitland Marshall's wedding won't take place until spring I believe. I think it is just a shame that her fiancé, Lieutenant Knapp, has been ordered off to Mexico and won't get back for Christmas. He sailed on the Dolphin several weeks ago into Dominican waters and now the Dolphin is ordered to relieve the Wheeling. Of course, Maitland is a real daughter of the regiment and takes these things as they come. Maybe Lucie Hoke Smith didn't have some uncomfortable days too when the Dolphin was ordered to Mexico. You know Lieutenant Simpson was abroad and it looked like he would not get back in time for the wedding. Lucie didn't waste time, but went right to the Secretary of the Navy and it was soon arranged. He is now en route to Washington on a transport and it may get here by the 30th. Lucie says he is due just in time for Christmas.

Of the several beautiful luncheons of the week, I think Mrs. Walter Wilcox's for Helen Walcott was one of the most novel. There were thirty-six guests, if you please, and they were arranged at four tables, and the girls said it was just lovely. The decorations were of yellow roses. On the following evening, Thursday, I think it was, Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox gave a dinner for Franklin Ellis and it too, was a lovely party. Franklin is Mrs. Wilcox's nephew, you know, and lives with Mr. and Mrs. Wilcox.

You remember what I wrote you about the heir to the Mexican throne? You said you were interested in it. Well, since then, I've learned a whole lot more about him, and I'll tell you all. An old friend of the Green and Yturbe families told me this, and corrected some of the information I gave you. To begin with, he is Prince Agustin de Yturbe, and not Count, and he was born heir to the throne of Mexico, and made crown prince a second time and heir by his legal adoption by Emperor Maximilian, the ill-fated brother of the present Emperor Francis Josef of Austria. Both Maximilian and the prince's grandfather, the Emperor Augustin de Yturbe, were shot by their fickle subjects.

This present heir is an exile, and is now living quietly in Georgetown. He has not passed the half-century mark and never has married, some say of choice and monastic leanings, and some because of a broken en-

de Yturbe. This old manor came through General Forrest, of Revolutionary fame, the son of Sir Thomas Forrest, of Rosedale, England. General Forrest was one of the founders of the order of the Cincinnati, the most exclusive order in America. A crown prince and of royal blood on one side, the prince is of noble English blood, and of Revolutionary ancestry of the most distinguished on the side of his mother, who was Miss Alice Forrest Green, General Forrest's granddaughter.

Dr. and Mrs. Breckenridge Bayne gave a house warming for their new home, in New Hampshire avenue, Tuesday afternoon in the form of a large tea. Mrs. Bayne's mother, Mrs. Robert Roosevelt, presided at the table. Oh, it was such a pretty party, and there were so many guests. The house is a perfect palace.

I saw Katherine Hill at the Charity Ball Monday night. It was the first time I had seen her since we were all kiddies together. She is such a handsome grown-up young lady now. Do you remember how Katherine and her brother, who is now connected with the diplomatic service and abroad somewhere, used to drive their spotted ponies? And do you remember how the Boutell children, who were their most intimate chums, rode about town in their basket pony cart? It does not seem so long ago, after all. Katherine was presented to court while her father was ambassador to Germany and is practically making her debut in Washington this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill have taken the house in Massachusetts avenue which belongs to former Senator and Mrs. Burrows, and after the first of the year Mrs. Hill is going to have a series of at-home days. Before they went abroad, when Mrs. Hill used to have her celebrated days, I'll declare they were so popular that one could scarcely get in.

Oh, by the way, I must not forget to mention that Katherine came to the ball with Ruth Pillings' dinner party. Everyone is so glad that Mrs. Pillings and Ruth are to be here this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John William Thompson have returned from their wedding trip and are stopping at the Grafton for the present. Now, of course, you are wondering who is Mrs. John William Thompson. Why Elizabeth Crosby Noyes! You won't remember that Elizabeth and John are not school girl and boy any more. I saw them in their car on F street the other day, and the little bride looked so pretty.

Dorothy Quintard was another debutante added to the season's list this week. She came out at a large tea, buffet supper, and dance at her home, in Kalarama road, which her mother, Mrs. Edward Quintard, gave on Wednesday. She is a very attractive little person and is a great-granddaughter of Alex-

ander Shepherd, the one-time governor of the District. All the resident folks or "cave dwellers," as the old families are usually called, were there.

The members of the Princeton Triangle Club, the dramatic organization of Princeton University, arrived in Washington this morning, and on Monday afternoon at the Belasco Theater will produce their new play, "The Pursuit of Priscilla." The members of the club are to be extensively entertained during their two-day visit in Washington. On Sunday afternoon a reception in their honor is to be given by Mrs. Josiah Pierce, jr. On Monday Mrs. Charles Henry Butler will have a buffet breakfast for them. Immediately after the performance on Monday afternoon the club will attend the tea dansant which is to be given at the New Willard for the benefit of the Working Boys' Home. On Monday night the Princeton Alumni Association of Washington will hold a smoker in honor of the Triangle Club at the University Club. Mrs. Mahlon Pitney and Mrs. Joseph W. Bailey will each have some of the members of the Triangle Club as their house guests during the club's stay in Washington. Mr. Justice Pitney being the president of the District of Columbia Alumni Association and Joseph W. Bailey, jr., a member of the Triangle Club.

A pretty little story is told me about Genevieve Clark and Laura Graves. You remember Laura Graves, the attractive little daughter of Col. John Temple Graves? You know, of course, that Genevieve and Laura have been chums since babyhood? Well, it seems that years ago they made all sorts of pledges to each other, among them being one to be "debutanted" at the same time.

Genevieve was uncertain whether she would make a formal debut or not until of late, when she decided to have the large New Year reception which the Speaker and Mrs. Clark are giving as a sort of house warming for their new house. Now Laura has decided to be a debutante, too, so she is added to the already long list of girls. She is a student at the National Park Seminary, and it is so near that it makes it very easy for her to combine her social activities with her studies.

Now, my dear, if I expect to leave town at 1 o'clock, I must stop writing and get ready to start. I'm going away up in Maryland to take some Christmas things to those nice folks I know up there. The day is ideal, and I wish you were going, too. It's a dandy road, and we will probably make the run up in about an hour and a half.

Merry Christmas.

*Jean Eliot*  
Saturday Afternoon.

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